Volume LXXVIII CHICAGO, January 4, 1917 Number 18

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

LET 1917 BE—

A search for the fundamentals of character.
A quest for the things most worth while.
An attempt to economize by elimination.
To work out life's equation by cancellation—
casting out the unimportant factors.

"No Time?" Then do only the things most worth while.
"No Strength?" Then diligently eliminate things secondary.
"No Money?" Then do not be prodigal with the Father's patrimony.
"No Interest?" Then season life with study. Restore it with toil. Redeem it with sweat.

He who would find a new and happy year
Not backward, nor forward, but inward must he seek.
He who would sail the high seas of God
Must needs ride in a ship well ballasted.
High aims must be deeply rooted.
Castles in the air must rest on firm foundations,
If they are safely to house our ideals
And shelter the soul in time of need.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXVIII THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1917 Number 18

A PRAYER.

Just to be pitiful and kind
Is all I ask;
To help some one who does not love his task
Of living, or some one who is blind
To joy, or very weary or afraid.
I am so young, so useless now,
Heart of the World, let me more plainly feel thy throbbing!
Just to be pitiful and kind
Is all I ask.

Good Housekeeping. —*Louise Townsend Nicholl.*

The poem by James Whitcomb Riley, "The Touch of Loving Hands," which was published in a recent issue, omitted the following copyright credit:

From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright 1913. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

"As the Work of Government Increases, Public Office Becomes More Honorable and Citizenship More Constructive." This is the motto written on the New Year's card of Charles Zueblin, fitting to the man and the occasion.

This is the way the *Chicago Examiner* states the unanswerable argument for a hopeful view of the world and an optimistic interpretation even of dark things:

This is a great age in which to live. We are really almost at the dawn of history. Geologists have good records reaching back 80,000,000 years, but history's record reaches back only about 5,000 years. Historical time is to geological time about as five seconds is to a day.

So we are now living in the first five seconds of recorded history, with the whole of the world's life history still to come.

The Congregationalist characterizes as absurd the attempt to account for the recent anti-saloon defeat in Boston as a reaction from the extravagance of Billy Sunday. Facing the facts squarely and analyzing the situation, it affirms its belief that "the dry forces are stronger today in Boston than they have been for many years." There were many complications of a political nature, and it says: "The liquor men were thoroughly alarmed and by fair means and foul fought for the continuation of license in Boston." After accounting for the Catholic resentment to so considered "Protestant encroachments," and the reactionary movements of some "business men," it claims an actual gain of about six thousand votes in the no-license cause which may be depended upon in coming elections.

The Public asks the pertinent question of certain prominent business men who have urged compulsory military training and service on the part of our government if they themselves are willing to endanger their business and forfeit their incomes in case such a law be passed. Who are the fierce advocates of "preparedness"? Are they the ones that expect to go into the ranks and give some of the best years of their lives to perfect themselves in the art of murder?

The monthly publication of the Anti-war Society of Holland, under the title of *Holland News,* assumes the dignified proportions of a magazine. The October number contains some eighty pages of matter important to the diplomatist and the statesman as well as to the pacifist. The peace worker, if he is to be equal to the situation, must remember that it is an academic as well as an ethical problem. Science must be heard as well as religion. It is the frantic militarist that is the victim of emotion. "Preparedness" is the slogan of the sentimentalist in these days, while the man of the library, the student of history and the expert in psychology promotes with increasing vigor the internationalism that is to replace militarism, and the interests of peace that are to supplant battleships and standing armies. The anti-war movement is an appeal to common sense. More sentimental sissies go around in brass buttons and gold lace these days than in any other garb.

The Negro Year Book, an annual encyclopedia for 1917, is on our table, a compilation of 488 pages, packed tight with facts and figures showing the evidences of advancement on many lines. This is the fourth in the series. It is published by the Negro Year Book Publishing Company of Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. It is a pity that a work so academic and burdened with such important matter has to be published on such very flimsy and unattractive paper. The typographical work is commendable and the information presented is extremely valuable. Among the topics considered are: "The Negro and Prohibition";

"The Substitution of White Waitresses for Negro Dining Car Waiters"; "The Race Problem and Woman Suffrage"; a list of Negro Phi Beta Kappa members; "The Negro and Jim Crow Cars." But the list is too long to repeat here. Any student of current sociology in the United States is unprepared to discuss the situation intelligently who is unacquainted with the contents of this volume.

While the Chicago papers this week are burdened with astounding evidence of "increased business," and the consequent implications of "prosperity," it is only fair to take note that Chicago has increased in decency as well as in trade. What was supposed to be an absolute physical and social impossibility in the enforcement of Sunday laws in connection with drinking places, has been realized this year to a remarkable degree. Of course there have been violations, but when there are seven thousand and more places doing business on the lower levels of morality, probably the violations have been no greater than in the case of a large number of other ordinances that command the respect of all and which public opinion regards as reasonably well enforced. The "lid" was surely tested on New Year's Eve, which this year came on Sunday. The Sunday closing reached until midnight and the every day lid comes down at 1 o'clock a. m., so there was but one hour for legal carousal, and all reports go to show that these requirements were reasonably observed, and even the loop district was comparatively quiet. The Old Year went out with dignity and the New Year was ushered in with innocent hilarity. Put it down to the credit of Chicago when you sum up the achievements of 1916!

Reedy's Mirror commends Great Britain's proposed method of getting rid of its surplus dogs. The two million canines break into its food supply too seriously, and so it is proposed to tax the dogs heavily, and they will disappear in great numbers—a rather coarse and brutal way of making the selection. The wheezy poodle dog, that is an offense to art and to economics will survive. The faithful collie, who is the companion of his master, the comrade of the child, and the guardian of the flock, will probably have to go. The "Council Commission" of Chicago, organized in the interests of the "wet," in a recent report recommended five hundred dollars addition to the present thousand dollar license fee, for the very same reason that England proposes to tax its dogs, hoping thereby to eliminate the surplus saloons. But here again the law of selection may be a very vicious one. The gilded palace with its plate glass front will survive; the humbler beer place where simple-hearted foreigners bring their wives and children and try to perpetuate old world conditions will have to go. But it will be cruel kindness even in this case, for the old world conditions cannot be perpetuated in an American beer saloon, for a law abiding decent liquor place such as is sought by this committee is a financial fallacy in the United States. We repeat, a *law-abiding saloon* cannot be made to pay. The saloon which caters only to the man who thinks he knows how to "take a glass and then stop," and to the man who goes home to his family after he has "had his nip," the place that shuts down on Sundays, election days and holidays as required by law, the proprietor that will not sell to minors or inebriates, who never gambles or tolerates gamblers, who abolishes dice and book-making, and who permits no wanton women to frequent his place, will in due time be closed out by the sheriff. He had better take the hint early and change his business before he sinks what little he has.

After Forty-five Years

From 1869 to 1874 an undersized, energetic schoolmaster worked in a little Wisconsin village back in the woods; it was a ragged little place springing up in the clearing. Its streets and back gardens were full of stumps. It was located in the dumpling section of Wisconsin, a neighborhood of heavy forests, picturesque bluffs, hills and brooks. It was surrounded by settlements of Scandinavians, Irish and German, Welsh, Scotch, etc., with a sprinkling of hardy American settlers who had "come from the East." The county was decidedly a county of foreigners. Perhaps this thriving village numbered less than a thousand people. The little energetic schoolmaster was a German immigrant who had arrived from the Fatherland with an academic training at seventeen. He followed, or, more properly, carried, the flag to the front in the strife for the Union. During four short years he changed the "District School" into a "High School," and Welsh, Norwegian, Irish, German and American boys and girls came under his enthusiastic influence and were moulded by his strong touch. Then he left them. St. Paul discovered him. Then a new "normal school" was started at River Falls, Wis., and he was wanted where there was more material to his hand and congenial comradeship in progressive pedagogy. Then a luckless venture way out on the Iowa prairie under the name of "Humboldt College," needed a president and this village schoolmaster was called upon to give body and substance to what was scarcely more than a disembodied spirit. "Humboldt College" was one of the many dream adventures too good to live. The founder was a "Liberal minister," committed to all the reforms. Justice to the slave, suffrage to woman, eternal enmity to

drink, and a creedless church were his enthusiasms. Dr. Henry W. Bellows, James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale and other Unitarian leaders of blessed memory, backed this exploiter of ideas and an heroic building loomed up large and lonesome on the open Iowa prairie. There were repeated trips eastward on the part of the "Founder." The *Christian Register* and other Unitarian publications sparkled with appeals and reported "subscriptions" which came all too meagerly and so slow that the "Splendid Opportunity" died aborning.

It was one of the many schemes too good to live. Pastor Taft proved a more successful preacher than collector, more a prophet than a business man, and the splendid schoolmaster must needs find other fields for his tireless efficiency. He traveled farther West. A short Colorado experience, then back to Griswold, Iowa, to shape there High School activities, and in 1885, thirty-one years ago, Professor Albert Earthman, the German immigrant, the Wisconsin private soldier, laid down his life.

The other day, Monday, December 11, 1916, the whilom village, now the well kempt little city of Reedsburg, Wisconsin, had a "celebration" as touching and beautiful as it was unique.

Forty-two years after his departure from the embyronic High School a portrait of Professor Earthman was unveiled in the splendid High School with its many equipments. This was done with imposing ceremonies. His old boys and girls of from '69 to '74, twenty of them, gathered from all parts of the Union and eighteen more of them wrote from almost as many states of the Union, their words of love and undying gratitude to this man who stirred them with ideals, quickened their minds and purified their hearts. Doctors, lawyers, teachers, bankers, parents, all remembered again how he kept them alive with his mathematical exercises, his gymnastic leadership and his musical enthusiasms. These men and women in the gray of life sang, made speeches, banqueted and remembered. They told of how contagious was his presence, how he *led* in the church choir and *pushed* in the Common Council. His daughter, his only child, and her husband came from their Iowa home to listen to these wonder tales in pedagogy and splendidly grateful tributes.

Reedsburg is situated in Sauk County, Wisconsin. It was also the boyhood home of the present writer. During those Reedsburg years the Editor of UNITY found his work at Janesville reaching out and interlocking in many ways with that of Professor Earthman. The present writer was interested in "Humboldt College," perhaps had something to do with the discovery of Professor Earthman as an ideal president of an ideal institution, and the disappointment was simply a case of too much haste; prophecy outrunning history.

No wonder then that this story, as told in the local papers of Reedsburg, and the radiance as reflected in the eyes of one of the old pupils, now a regular attendant and loyal supporter of the work at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, should carry sublime New Year suggestions to the Editor of UNITY. Professor Earthman was a good soldier and his record commendable; but not for that was his story retold thirty-five years after his death. He brought with him from over the sea fine musical talents, highly developed, but not for that did he stand out as a glow point in the history of Sauk County.

Professor Earthman was interested in ideas. Goethe clasped hands with Emerson on his study table. Sauk County is now a county of great wealth. It is a land of big barns, of mineral resources and bewitching scenery. But Professor Earthman mined in the brains of rustic boys and girls, and it is no accident or surprise that at the present time Sauk County, Wisconsin, is notable among educators. In Reedsburg is situated one of the earliest and still one of the most efficient "County Normal Schools" in the state. The readers of UNITY may remember how last summer we spoke of the triumphs of George Davies, Superintendent of Schools for Sauk County; his phenomenal good work in carrying the rural schools into the farm homes of that community.

Superintendent Davies is a spiritual successor of Albert Earthman. Both of them belong to the noble guild of citizen makers, pioneers in the preparedness campaign that does away with the necessity of bayonets and bullets, makes brass buttons, khaki and military drill tasteless and silly to the growing boys who are cadetting in the public schools of America. The antidote of the bayonet lies in texts from Emerson and Darwin. Let the drill master do his best on the campus of our universities, while the boys and girls study Tolstoy, Henry George, Ruskin and Victor Hugo in the schoolrooms and all this military training will be denatured. High School boys will know how to build a nation on higher lines and how to save democracy by a nobler efficiency.

We tell this story of our old friend and colleague, Professor Earthman, in this broken way as our New Year's editorial in UNITY.

Hail 1917! In your name UNITY salutes its readers with

WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

John is three persons down life's pilgrimage:
John as he thinks himself, and John, again,
As he wishes to be thought of by other men,
And John as he actually is, so says the sage.

Shelbyville, Indiana. ALONZO LEORA RICE.

THE PULPIT

Genesis—"Beginnings"

A Hebrew Idyl of the Fourth Century B. C. Brought Down to Date

III.

"The Milk of Human Kindness"

or

The Advent of Woman

A Sermon Preached November 19, 1916, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Reprinted from Hoard's Dairyman

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

My text is taken from a hymn of creation written by some ancient Hebrew bard twenty-four or more centuries ago. The text grows more inspiring when it is interpreted by the careful investigation and patient study of the cautious men of science.

Herbert Spencer dwelt upon certain "critical points" in the evolution of life on its way to man. John Fiske called them the "high bridges" over which life has passed on its upward climb. Such a critical point was passed when life left the water and ventured to occupy the land, when animals became air breathing. Another critical point was passed when the animal left the ground, took to the air, when the reptile became a bird. A more sublime "bridge" was crossed when the unisexual life, which was propagated by division, became bisexual, and life was perpetrated by male and female. Perhaps the most profound of all triumphs in the evolution of life came when the egg-laying mother gave place to the one that gave birth to her young alive and the infant, first nourished within the body, was then fed by the same body through a period of helplessness into self reliance. This triumph marked what John Fiske calls "the dawning of the spiritual life." Progress was accelerated and made inevitable by the prolongation of infancy, enabling the individual to organize new experiences and form new habits of thought and action. Then came an unlimited demand for love. When egoism gave way to altruism another high bridge was crossed on the upward road.

Harriet B. Bradbury, in her recent book entitled, "Civilization and Womanhood," says that marriage is the result of man's early recognition of his relation to his own children, a most significant remark, for biology teaches that there were great eras of life where the male parent knew not his own offspring and the mother was the sole parent burdened with the responsibility of the offspring. Indeed, often this responsibility became so urgent that she must needs protect the child from its own father.

But this conscious fatherhood, this monogamic necessity of the higher life, is no late day creation of what we call civilization. It is not still an experiment on the part of the human, for monogamy, a deliberate union between one male and one female through life, reaches down into sub-human realms. Birds sang songs of love and father birds guarded the brooding mother and helped provide for helpless offspring on this earth long before man had erected himself on two limbs. Before his appearance there was the vigilant prowess of the male defending his offspring and his mate. Those who would make light of this necessity of the higher life, those who would evade the bond "until death do us part," are merely kicking against the pricks of destiny, proving disloyal to the deep laid necessities of progress rooted deep in prehuman life.

Preachers talk much about "the milk of human kindness"; they revel in rhetoric, indulge in poetry concerning it, but he who would understand the full purport of this phrase must needs consult the biologist before he can appreciate the poet.

Primarily, fundamentally, the "milk of human kindness" is mother's milk. This is a biological necessity before it is a psychical comfort. Literally, through mother's milk has come the development of the home and the ever enlarging circle of that home until now the brooding care of the fireside reaches out through the commanding industries of the world and wraps the globe in a provident mantle all the more divine because woven by human hands.

If we would understand the full import of the phrase, "milk of human kindness" we must begin by studying the dairy interests of our day. We must become conversant with the triumphs of motherhood as it has extended beyond the resources of human bodies in to that milk industry that now constitutes, it is claimed, one-sixteenth of the food supply of the world. He who would appreciate the great gift of Providence through motherhood must begin by trying to appreciate the statistics of the cow industries of the world.

Six billion gallons of milk were reported as the product of American farms in 1909, making a lake, as one writer estimates, large enough to float the navies of the world. In the same year one and three-quarter billion pounds of butter valued at over four hundred and two million dollars were produced. Let this suggest the motherhood that is expressing itself in the economic joys and prosperities of our day.

There are over a million and a half dairy cows in Wisconsin, nearly as many in Michigan and in Iowa; Illinois has in the neighborhood of one million. Chicago uses daily over one million and a half quarts of milk gathered from a radius of sixty to one hundred miles. These are inadequate and doubtless imperfect figures which out-reach in their thrilling significance the most pleasing measures of the poet.

It is now quite clear that what Tyler calls "the arts of life," spinning, weaving, skin dressing and tanning, pottery, basket-making, mat and carpet making and hut building, came by the hand of woman. All of them were born out of the divine necessities of the child. It was a woman's hands that domesticated the barnyard animals, the milk producing, wool growing, egg laying reinforcements of the larder and the wardrobe. The students of primitive man have never been able to go back of the domesticated dog which was probably the triumph of the hunting male, unless, indeed it was the triumph of the child making of the primitive dog what he still is, a household pet—before he was the companion of the chase or the guardian at the

gate. But surely is the cat a woman's conquest; at one time it was woman's invaluable ally in her battle with the vermin that menaced her supplies. The root cellar, or, if you like, the granary, which antedates the barn, were builded by and for women.

Perhaps the greatest triumph in the history of humanity was woman's conquest of man, changing the hunter into the planter, supplanting his instinct to provide by killing into the more sure provision from breeding and rearing of herds and flocks. Thus did she compel the father to share first the primal burdens of parentage and then the ever increasing and widening joys of the home.

To fight dirt and flies, to keep out the rain and vermin are difficult tasks assigned by common consent to woman, but the extended interpretation of motherhood, the increasing vigilance imposed upon her by science, the rapidly unfolding life of the race, have brought the more severe battles in which there can be no division of labor between the sexes. It requires the combined energies of father and mother to carry on the more complicated warfare against the subtle enemies of life, the deadly microbes, the poison gases, and the seductive narcotics.

Strange to say, though not so strange as beautiful, milk, the indispensable condition of life of the higher animals, offers the best culture ground for the germs that threaten that life. We now know that the bacteria of typhoid, tonsilitis, scarlet fever, and tuberculosis, and other enemies of human life are more rapidly multiplied and more readily insinuated into the body of the child through milk than in any other way.

Thus the milk problem becomes the health problem and the dairy business becomes necessarily a life saving, or a life destroying business as the case may be. The "prosperity" it spells is not counted in dollars and cents, though it is a profitable business, but it spells that prosperity which represents the only true wealth of the nations, as Ruskin has reminded us; he says:

"It may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures."

It is impossible to discuss the problem of motherhood or find the meaning of the phrase, "milk of human kindness," without beginning with the milk problem, for the modern cow is a human extension of motherhood. She represents a providence so intensified by human ingenuity that the roughage of the field, the coarse product of marsh, meadow, and cornfield is distilled and refined in the cow laboratory into the most liberal supplies of the most delicious of foods. With the help of the cow inedible straw, "corn shucks," and potato parings are converted into delicious schmerkase and ice cream. One quart of good cow's milk is said to have the nourishment of eight eggs or two pounds of salt codfish. Milk is the only food that contains all the elements necessary for the human body. One cow in her full development furnishes the milk necessary in the modern day for fourteen adults, though as a matter of fact, it is claimed that there is a milk cow for every four and a half persons in the United States.

The great medieval orphanage at Florence, decorated by the never forgettable bambinos of Della Robbia, is still active and up-to-date. In olden times it kept a herd of goats in the back yard and whenever the cry of an infant was heard in the front rooms calling for nourishment, the maternal instinct, strong in the goat, brought with quick feet the nourishment and consolation. The distance between the need and supply and the danger of contamination were reduced to the minimum by placing the hungry mouth in immediate contact with the source of nourishment. This old custom of the asylum for the Florentine foundlings has become the problem of civilization.

The modern "milk problem" properly interpreted is an extension of motherhood, a maternal provision for the health of babies. The present movement for pure milk reaches back at least thirty-six years when Denmark, the leading nation in dairying interests on so many lines, grappled with what is now the quest of every well ordered city on the globe.

An intelligent butter dealer, noting the despondency of an employee over the menaced life of the little babe at home, was told that the primal difficulty was the question of milk suitable in quality and quantity. The doctors had pronounced the milk unsatisfactory and his milk dealer was unwilling to supply him such as it was in sufficient quantities. Dr. Busck heard a call in this necessity and he organized the now famous "Milk Furnishing Society" of Copenhagen. A small company was organized to operate under a commission consisting of three university professors, a philanthropist, an eminent diplomat, a physician, and a lawyer. It is noteworthy that here was never a "business" man, and still the company meant business; they transacted business and they succeeded in business. The motto of the company was "Pure Milk From Sound Cows." This involved a combination of science and humanitarian instincts blended with commercial sagacity. This company began with the meager capital of $2,500 and grew to a business with an invested capital by this time of perhaps $200,000. In 1908, the date of the report at hand, this company was sending weekly six thousand pieces to be laundered. It had four hundred and thirty employees; two hundred and thirty boys, a hundred and twenty men, and eighty women. It fits into my contention to remember that these women were selected because their sense of taste was more keen than that of men. Their work was to test the milk by its taste. They were not allowed to labor more than one hour at a time, for it was discovered that the delicacy of the sense of taste was blunted by longer use. The milk rejected by these "tasters" was relegated to such by-products as would kill the dangerous microbes, and was disposed of at a low rate and the producer stood condemned in the estimation of his fellows. Samuel Hopkins Adams, author of the article in the December McClure of 1908, where I found this information concerning the work in Copenhagen, remembered that five years previous to the writing, Burbank, the plant wizard, had said to him that he preferred women assistants in the delicate operations of his laboratory for the same reason: their sense of taste was more delicate

than that of men. In the business of this company only bottles sealed by authorized experts and duly labeled "Infants' Milk," is permitted to be given to babes.

This extension of Providence through the domestication of animals, the care of the herd, the elaboration of milk into its by-products of butter and cheese, lends a glory to motherhood, gives a meaning to the phrase "milk of human kindness" that no poet or orator, unilluminated by these facts of science, can ever reach.

It was motherhood that in the fullness of time, through the darkness of ignorance, in spite of the brutality of savage life, the coarseness of life takers, the hunters, and warriors of the masculine gender, brought in the era of clover, alfalfa, and the silo. It was the dire necessity of motherhood that combined with scientific sense and insight helped Professor Babcock of the University of Wisconsin to reach this great milk testing process which has made co-operative dairying possible throughout the world and his name famous wherever there is an intelligent love for the cow. It is a story too much neglected in the teaching of the children of our public schools.

"Treat you cow as though she were a lady," is the legend inscribed in Wisconsin barns through the leadership of the humanitarian and humane Governor Hoard. "Play gently with the calf," is the demand of the wise breeder and the practice of the properly trained farm child.

"The milk of human kindness!" Let us stay a little longer with this phrase for it leads us into the higher humanities, the ultimate sobrieties.

The immediate anxiety of the laboring man in the Copenhagen butter house arose from the fact that his milk dealer, who was at the same time the dispenser of beer, had refused to sell him his milk because he abstained from beer, hence was an unprofitable customer. The milk industry is slowly but surely killing out the beer industry. During my horseback riding days, the fact was as obvious as it was significant, that the old "roadside houses," the country saloons, were being rapidly supplanted by creameries and cheese factories, and my good horse Roos knew full well that her rider would dismount at a creamery and refresh himself with the buttermilk ever available.

The Pasteur Institute of Paris has recently issued a bulletin urging the value of milk as a stimulant, recommending that it should take the place of alcoholic drinks in the trenches, as well as in hospitals. It reports that more courage and inspiration comes from clean, pure milk than from the most delectable wines or fiery absinthe. Is it not obvious that the growth of the milk industry runs parallel with the higher life of the community? It means refinement on the farm, health in the city. It banishes profanity and cruelty from the barnyard and is to drive the saloon out of business.

"The milk of human kindness!" I have not tried to keep the spiritual and physical meanings of this text apart; they are inseparable. The realizing of the one promotes the other. Seventy per cent of the revenue of the state of Illinois, legitimately expended, is spent on the mother industries of the state,—the care of the dependent, the defective, the sick and the education of the child. These are maternal cares, lifted above sex lines into parental anxieties. Mother instincts have taken possession of the male and female parents. The joint work involved in the nest building, the brooding and feeding loves, has been extended beyond the limits of narrow firesides and is becoming a human providence concerned in the well-being of infancy everywhere. The mother who is partial and selfishly devoted to her own is a case of arrested development. It is womanhood staying on sub-human levels. Some of the most menacing bigotries, iniquitous selfishness and cruel foes to progress are found in the selfish mother who in her upholstered home dotes on her own delicate darlings to the neglect and injury of some other mother's darlings on the same street. It is an unmotherly love that permits or compels little children to shiver in inadequate clothing and to grow pale for the want of proper nutrition while her own little ones are wrapped in softest down and fed with dainties from the profits that are the result of the toil of the fathers and mothers of the underfed and shivering children.

"Oh, but it is my dear child, don't you know!" Yes, dear mother, I do know, and your love ought to be so profound and so divine that it would make you anxious for the well-being of all "dear children" whose well-being is inseparably connected with the well-being of your own. I do not recognize any demands of motherhood for those of your own fireside that are not also the demands of universal motherhood. That is a slavish and dehumanized mother that has not room in her heart for every child of woman, of whom the Master said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

We had a typical case of a certain type of motherhood last summer at Tower Hill. Five young lambs disappeared from my little flock of sheep. Three neighboring lads, skilled in wood lore, undertook to solve the problem as to what became of the lambs. They promptly detected in the pasture lot, wolf tracks, in that country from which the wolves are supposed to have been driven long ago. With great dexterity they traced the invading mother from my happy sheepfold from which she had torn five little lambs from their helpless mothers and carried them into her lair where four of her own "dear darling" wolflings were waiting for her maternal caresses two or three miles away from the sheepfold. This was brute motherhood, selfish motherhood, beautifully exemplified, triumphantly realized by the forethought and marvelous skill of the wolf mother, marooned, it was supposed, on the wrong side of the river by the premature breaking up of the ice bridge last spring. To that mother no home was too vigilantly guarded, or too tenderly provided for little wolf darlings, and no other home was too sacred to supply the needs of her own sweet little ones. But this is wolf motherhood, and not until motherhood is interpreted in broader terms than those of one's own fireside, the alleged "ties of kin" and the claims of caste of tribe or nation, will wolfish motherhood rise into human motherhood.

Woman was given as a "help meet to man." Her function from the first has been to emphasize the co-operative cares of man and woman necessary to the perpetuation of the race. Woman came in response to the biological demand for prolonging the period of infancy so that the greater number of new impressions might be incorporated into habit, organized into intelligence, formulated into ever widening comprehension.

"The uprising of woman" is comparatively a new phrase in our statecraft. The last book that has come to my table is Ellen Key's "War, Peace and the Future." This clear thinker with the heart enforces the truth that sex lines are comparatively superficial scratches on the surface of the human globe. Archæology and biology teach us that there were great depths of life before bisexual lines appeared, and a study of the spiritual nature of man shows that there are high reaches of communal humanity above all sex lines and passions. Just beyond the interests of our own children lie the interests of all children. The serenity of our homes is safeguarded only by the well-being and love ties of the race.

"How are we going to prevent war?" is the question early propounded in Ellen Key's book. The answer comes promptly and forcefully, "By making humanity really human." She deplores the spirit of the German mother who gleefully told of her little girl who refused to accept the hat when incidentally the milliner spoke of it as being made of "English" straw. Her patriotism rejected the commercial term. "Mother," says our author, "is the word most frequently heard on the lips of dying soldiers, mangled by human ingenuity." She calls upon mothers to hasten to bring up their sons to be saviors of humanity "if they are to avoid the horrible results of war." She tells us "war is born out of spiritual neglect." We are anxious to inoculate our children against disease. "Why not," says the Swedish prophetess, "inoculate them against hatred?" "Woman," she says, "has been hypnotized by the nationalistic idea of power and glory," and she turns to America as "the land of youthful courage and initiative" to lead in the correction of this lamentable limitation of the human by brutal instincts.

Miss Key reminds us that sixty-five years ago her fellow country-woman, Fredericka Bremer, visiting the United States, told the American women that "war was like a bleeding wound ravaging peoples and countries." She called upon the women of America to "combine in counteracting the effects of war and securing an era of peace," and this, her latter day sister, looking the horrible facts of today squarely in the face, says:

"Many women are already now, during the days and nights of the war, asking: Was it for this that we in agony bore my sons, watched and labored over their tender years, and filled their souls with the best of my heart and mind? Many women ask further: Is it really true that the life and future happiness of my country necessitated a policy that led to all these sacrifices? And a few ask no longer; they have already set their nay against man's yea. These few are increasing. What I now with my faint voice say will some day swell with the chorus of millions of women's voices: We will—and we shall—quench the hell of war and create a paradise of peace."

In enforcing this pronouncement, Miss Key recalls the old medieval story of a woman appearing in the market place with a can of water in one hand and a flaming torch in the other, declaring that it was her purpose to put out the fires of hell with the water and set fire to Paradise with the torch, that men and women might serve the right, regardless of their own selfish interests, the hope of future reward, or the dread of future punishment.

Literature is full of the apotheosis of woman. Dante's Beatrice, Goethe's Margaret, Shakespeare's Ophelia, and Browning's Pompelia, all represent womanhood lifted into regal power and purity. But these women of literature pale in the presence of the greater women of history. Angelo in his old age rekindled his creative fires with the love of Vittoria Colonna, Petrarch found a new inspiration in Laura, Tasso had his Leonore, and St. Francis was matched with the benignant Santa Clara, the little virgin who organized the world-encircling organization of "The Little Sisters of the Poor."

The mythology of all religions makes much of virgin-mothers, who alone were deemed fit to give birth to saints and saviors. This is an unnecessary indignity to fatherhood. But the virgin-mothers of theology are pale and weak in the presence of the glorious line of childless mothers who have fed the world with the "milk of human kindness" drawn from their spiritual breasts. Call the roll of the great virgin-mothers of America. Take note of those who have thrown maternal arms around neglected children, who in the combined potencies of love and wisdom have penetrated through the selfishness of motherhood and the coarseness of fatherhood and made parental the co-operative life of the community, making divine the providence of the state: Susan B. Anthony, Frances Willard, Louise Alcott, Lucy Larcom, Clara Barton, Jane Addams, our own Mary Bartelme, and Julia Lathrop, the childless mother of the motherless children throughout the nation. All these from our own land, to say nothing of the sisterhood across the sea with Florence Nightingale at the head of the line.

The old text books told of society rising from a patriarchate, the venerable elder on horseback, the valiant grandfather who could summon the greatest number of his progeny to defend his rights in case of invasion, to justify aggressive assaults on neighboring clans. But the new books tell us that society began, not with the father-warrior, but with the mother, guardian of the hearth. There was a matriarchate before a patriarchate was possible. One of my books has a frontispiece entitled "The Unit of Society." It is not a man with a sword, no hunter with his booty, but a primitive woman, defenceless, meagerly clothed, holding a babe at her breast. There did society begin. The first sacred office was that of protector of the fire on the hearth.

The mother's breast was the fountain of love that nourished human society and only by the advancement of this mother love, which has long ceased to be exclusively woman love and has become human love, is society promoted. Just as manly men have ceased to be masculine, so have womanly women ceased to be feminine in the higher affairs of home and state. The old division holds only on the militant levels where muscle counts more than brain; and the regime of brawn, the domination of the conqueror, for the time o'er shadows gentleness, obscures patience, and wages a losing battle with the sympathies and loves of the human heart.

These forces are now arrayed in the final Armageddon, not of Teuton against Angelican, but of physical force against the power of mind. On the one side are the weapons of wit, the armaments of love; on the other side, the cold steel of hate and armor-plated sectional pride and national hatreds. This division does

not run parallel with sex or race lines. For this battle there is being developed on the side of love a manly line of women and a womanly line of men. What were once peculiarly women's problems, housekeeping and baby-tending tasks, have long since passed into the joint care of father and mother.

No longer does man hold a monopoly on the strenuous activities, as Europe, now, alas, sadly realizes. There, plows are steadied by the hands of girls, fields are seeded by woman's skill, harvests are gathered, handled and housed through the wit and muscle of mothers and grandmothers. While, on the other hand, the trouble and toil of the loom, the burden of the kitchen, the care of the larder, are shared by man. The most successful chefs of today wear pantaloons and are not disgraced by their profession. The largest herd of Jerseys exhibited at the Minnesota State Fair last fall conspicuously displayed the names of a woman owner and of a woman superintendent. Work, all kinds of work, has gotten away from sex lines, and I regard with grave apprehension the vigorous attempt on the part of some blessed women to revive and perpetuate the old sex lines in the higher industries of humanity. The world has waited too long on man-managed politics; may Heaven save this country from woman-managed politics! May the light of universal brotherhood and sisterhood break through the sex consciousness and interfere with the "feminine clubs" and female social activities. By the same token I would banish masculine clubs and male conceits. When woman in her impetuosity and ardor tries to play the game of life alone, to push the interests of independency and civilization by herself, she will find herself hoisted on her own petard. She will have lost much time and many graces.

The great and last call of religion, as I understand it, is the fusion of the male and female, of man and woman, in the common enterprises of humanity.

In the realms of art, science and political emancipation, the dictum of the Nazarene applies; in the heaven of future democracy, they "neither marry nor are given in marriage, for they are equal with the angels." Men and women are yet to be fused in the higher life of common duties, human loves and human tasks.

I am ashamed to find myself associated with any distinctive band of men from which women are excluded. I grieve over the tendency to absorb the best energies, the noblest thought, and the maximum of time of the most gifted women, in the perpetuation of sex consciousness, sex partialities, and sex elegancies. Just as sure as we are evolving out of masculine domination, we are menaced by a feminine domination. Unless women can catch the high note that comes from their feminine triumphs, and are lifted out, above and beyond sex lines, and join hands with men in the common struggle to escape family exclusiveness, sectarian dogmas and national conceits, they will miss their highest opportunity and defeat their noblest aims. Men and women should grow ashamed of narrow segregations and geographical patriotisms, in the fullness of the joys belonging to man and to woman, in the achievements of the *genus homo*.

Through unnumbered aeons has life climbed up from the solitary cell, risen from the ooze of pre-Adamic seas, crawled onto the land, and the end is not yet; the ascent physical, a thrilling story, is to be supplemented and continued by the greater ascent spiritual. Life is to escape out of the selfishness that protects one's own progeny into the mutual care for all helpless offsprings.

A parenthood that has crowned with sanctity, motherhood, is at last to make tender, vigilant and loving fatherhood; and maternal and paternal loves are to be spelled in parental fidelities. "The milk of human kindness" is now the joint product of men and women working together, the substance and symbol of happy lives nobly lived.

This Christmas Rechant

This Christmas is to become memorable in the fact that peace on earth for all time is now assured when this war shall have ended. In reply to the various pessimistic utterances that are being put forth, cannot the experts in government realize that the awful War of Nations has reached the stage where the German Government's self-interest in the future has caused it to accept the Allies' splendid demand that the nations of earth shall henceforth substitute Law for War as the determining factor among nations?

Such being the case why not realize that the Allies have won? Militarism is to be banished from this earth! The long looked for Federation of the World is at hand! And Christmas 1916 is an appropriate time to recognize it.

Thanks to President Wilson the world is being brought to its realization. It is waking up. He as a political scientist sees that the main event for which the valiant Allies are fighting is probably an almost accomplished fact. His words in the note are: "It may be that peace is nearer than we know; that terms which the belligerents on the one side and on the other would deem necessary to insist upon are not so irreconcilable as some have feared."

In other words, the Prussian rulers realize that they cannot become the dominant power in the world, and now in self-defense for themselves and their people are declaring for the termination of competition in armament and war, exactly as is being demanded by the Allies. The forthcoming system is to be the usual one for a Federation: A constitution marking out the fundamental rights and duties of all nations, along with provision for the establishment of an international government, probably to be termed the Peace Council, to attend to the peaceful administration of the specific rights and duties; and that as between the nations of earth their future development is to be through mutual agreement. That is the plain meaning of the German Government's repeated declarations during the past twelve months—that it stands for "lasting peace"; that "all European disputes should be peacefully settled"; that 'Germany is at all times ready to enter a Peace League to restrain the disturber of peace." How can the statement be more direct? President Wilson suggests that both sides in the war should give added details on all points at stake. The fact is that both sides in the war are now where their self-interest is compelling them to insist that in the future there shall be no more competition in armament and war. Realize that and one can then see that

Christmas this year is to become memorable in that peace on earth for all time is assured.

Washington, D. C. GEORGE H. SHIBLEY,
President of the League for World Peace.

Tea Culture in Assam

Assam is chiefly famed for the tea industry. It has other products of much value, such as silk, lace, petroleum, coal, limestone, orange, musk and rice.

There is a vast area of unknown hill tracts where rich mines of different types would have been discovered if expert hands were employed.

The Brahmaputra waters the country and is so deep as to be susceptible to navigation all the year round, from Bay of Bengal to the extreme northeast corner of Assam. The river helps the imports of coolies and exports of tea to foreign countries. Some say tea has been imported into Assam from China, but it is not so; it is distinctly indigenous. The whole bureau is in the hands of Europeans with a few exceptions. There were 748 tea gardens at the close of the last year.

The present area rose to 375,351 acres. An act was passed during the viceroyalty of our popular governor, the late Lord Ripon—a tentative measure till Assam was reached by railway communications. Albeit it is now connected by rail and steamer communications with the chief ports. The semi-slavery act has not been repealed *in toto*. The total strength of the labor force is 879,330, showing an increase of 32,761 over the preceding year.

Chotenagpur, Sontal Pergunnas, Central Provinces, Orissu, Madras, furnish recruits where perpetual poverty spurs peoples to leave their homes.

Whatever the faddists may say, their condition is far better off in the gardens than in their respective countries. They get huts to live in, medical help, sanitation, all free; but yet there is no attempt to raise the coolies from their unenviable status of brutes. Even the largest estate does not keep up a school for the education of the coolie children. This is not done owing to a fear—a state which existed in the slave days of America—that their eyes would be opened and they would make light of the manual work with which their destiny is linked.

Even missionaries are not welcome where there are Christian coolies. Poor fellows! They spend even a portion of their mite in liquor which even a dog in a European country doth not envy.

How do they live? They get their monthly supplies from a *Merwari* merchant on credit, who is protected in each tea garden. So a coolie cannot easily get out of a tea garden's network of liabilities. The marriage amongst the coolies is altogether lax. They indiscriminately drink in a liquor shop without distinction of sex.

Without means of a moral, educational, religious influence, a coolie's son is destined to become a coolie.

When anyone gets an incurable disease he is invariably turned out of the garden and becomes a street beggar!

An adult male laborer gets an average of Rs. 6, 8 annas as monthly wages; a female gets Rs. 5, 12 annas, 9 P.; a non-adult coolie gets still less than that.

I think in no civilized country a laborer receives so scant and meager pittance, which can hardly keep soul and body together. They do not know how to make a strike as in England, Australia, America. They have been receiving this nominal trifle nearly forty years without murmur. Now the prices of food have more than doubled, yet their lot has not been brightened a wee bit. While the tea capitalists acquire enormous wealth per month, there each coolie is content with Rs. 6 wages for that period! What a strange contrast!

In the last year fraudulent and irregular recruitment fell from 101 cases to 81, of which only 29 cases were, on investigation, found to be true. Considering how hard it is to prove fraud for a poor coolie, the number 29 is simply pitiable. Ninety coolies were sent to prison for no other reason than not doing their allotted work.

The year's crop amounted to 245,385,920 pounds of manufactured tea, against 208,227,104 pounds of the preceding year, which means an increase of about 18 per cent. In spite of the war, the boom in the tea market has considerably inceased last year. Only the demand for green tea has been decreasing from year to year.

SARAT CH. CHAKRAVARTI.

Golaghat, Assam, India, Nov. 7, 1916.

COMRADES.

"I met a chap the other day, roostin' in a trench.
'E didn't know a word of ours, nor me a word of French.
And 'ow it was we managed, well, I cannot understand.
But I never used the phrase book, though I 'ad it in my 'and.

'I winked at 'im to start with, 'e grinned from ear to ear;
And 'e says 'Tipperary,' and I says 'Sooveneer.'
'E 'ad my only Woodbine, I 'ad 'is thin cigar,
Which set the ball a rollin', and so—well, there you are!

I showed 'im next my wife an' kids, 'e up an' showed me 'is.
The funny little Frenchy kids, with 'air all in a frizz.
'Annette,' 'e says, 'Louise,' 'e says, an' 'is tears begun to fall;
We was comrades when we parted, but we'd 'ardly spoke at all."

—*The French Magazine.*

Public Opinion

I venture to say, in the great struggle which is now going on on the other side of the sea that the permanent things will be accomplished afterwards, when the opinion of mankind is brought to bear upon the issues, and the only thing that will hold the world steady is this same silent, insistent, all-powerful opinion of mankind.

Force can sometimes hold things steady until opinion has time to form; but no force that was ever exerted, except in response to that opinion, was ever a conquering and predominant force.

I think the sentence in American history that I myself am proudest of is that in the introductory sentence of the Declaration of Independence, where the writers say that a due respect for the opinion of mankind demands that they state the reasons for what they are about to do.

I venture to say that a decent respect for the opinion of mankind demanded that those who started the present European war should have stated their reasons; but they did not pay any heed to the opinion of mankind, and the reckoning will come when the settlement comes. *Woodrow Wilson.*

Press Club, New York, June 30, 1916.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

III.

Martin Luther 1483-1540

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing.
—*Luther.*

Edwin D. Mead says of Luther that he "Undoubtedly is the most influential and significant man in the spiritual history of mankind since Christ." Kaulbach, the painter of Protestantism, made in fresco a great allegorical picture of "The Era of the Reformation," in which he attempted portrait pictures, in groups, of the great contemporaries of Luther; the great men in art, science, scholarship, politics and religion. The group of reformers includes Wicliff, Arnold of Brescia, Peter Waldo, Savonarola, John Huss, Calvin, Zwingli and Melanchthon. The central figure, colossal and imposing, is Luther, holding aloft the Bible.

Luther, the son of a poor miner of unusual intellect, was born in Eisleben, November 10, 1483. In his fourteenth year he went to Eisenach to school, where he earned his bread by singing in the streets. At first he was often hungry, but finally, charmed with his voice and attractive face, a rich woman, Frau Cotta, invited him to her home, where he was cared for for three happy years. She being a wise woman invested some of her wealth in brains, the returns of which are sure. Luther made a fine student, became an adept in Latin and Greek when the latter was a forbidden language, and as relaxation turned his attention to music and poetry.

A young man with strong temperamental tendencies, the death of a chum by lightning seems to have been the precipitating cause that committed him to a religious life and career. When about twenty-two years old he gathered his friends about him for a goodbye supper and they accompanied him to the gate of the monastery. His father was not only disappointed but furious and exploded with righteous indignation. But Luther's was no sham consecration, he took his career with much impetuosity and he studied so hard, lived so abstemiously, obeyed the rules so literally that his health failed.

Those who love Luther should remember the name of his vicar-general, Staupitz, who happened to be of such a mind that he understood, respected and sympathized with this responsive student. In an effort to divert his mind, Staupitz left in his cell a copy of the Vulgate Bible. So rare were Bibles that Luther had never seen one and he was surprised and shocked to find so much of it. He plunged into it and began a lifelong study of the book, the spiritual and ethical contents of which he became a master. But his health not being improved, his friend Staupitz planned for him a journey to Rome, which he undertook with joy. With a companion he started out to walk. The monasteries of course were the hotels of that time and Luther was pained to find how frivolous and flippant and coarse were the monks he met. As he walked through Italy he grew still more distressed to find the monasteries, which in his land were severe and plain, palatial; the menus offering abundant delicacies, the rarest of meats and the choicest of wines.

In the spirit of a religious pilgrim he reached the Holy City, the city in which Paul and Peter were supposed to have walked, the throne of the earthly Head of the Church. When he saw the city spread out before him he fell on his knees, lifted up his voice and said, "Hail, holy Rome!" Once inside the city he was again distressed. He found the priests still more flippant. The sanctities of the sacraments were the subject of jokes. When the host had been elevated they paraphrased the consecrating words, "Thou art bread and bread thou shalt remain; wine thou art and wine thou shalt remain."

He still hoped to free himself of all this and eagerly sought the crowning act of a pious pilgrimage, the ascent of the Sancta Scala, the holy stairway; according to Catholic tradition the very stairway, having been transferred to Rome, which the Christ had ascended on his way to the trial chamber of Pilate. The promise was, and still is, that the one who ascends on naked knees, breathing a prayer on every step, when he reaches the top will be vouchsafed some kind of a vision, perhaps a smile from the Holy Mother, maybe a glimpse of the Savior himself. This devout German monk climbed stair by stair until, half way up another stroke of lightning, more effective than that which smote his chum years before, flashed into his brain the words of Paul, "The just shall live by faith." Not by works, not by prayer, not by climbing stairs on the knees, but by faith, and he rose and never completed the ascent.

This is dwelt upon by his biographers as perhaps the moment and the place where the final tie was snapped. He suffered not an intellectual but an ethical recoil, and went home a pro-testant against the pretensions of pope and bishop.

At this, the time of the Renaissance, Julius, one of the wickedest and most powerful of the popes, decided that he must have a church worthy of the Christianity of which he was the head. A great scheme for raising money was projected, by which the Catholic ritual was commercialized through the sale of indulgences. A sort of revival took place when people all over the Christian world were urged to buy their release from sin, to buy their relatives out of Purgatory, so much money so much salvation, so much indulgence of lust or wrong doing. Luther, a devoted and faithful Catholic, saw all this and one morning he nailed to the church door ninety-five theses, condemning in the strongest terms the claim of the ecclesiastics that they possessed the power to sell forgiveness to sin.

Then began the most widespread ecclesiastic controversy to be found in history. Luther was summoned by the church to Augsberg to answer the charge of heresy. Huss and Jerome were burned for much

less at Constance. Wicliff in England only escaped burning while alive by dying. Servetus lost his life in France, but the fairmindedness of Germany prevented the burning of Luther. After this Luther began to write and his enemies discovered his advance in thought which finally brought the pope's bull of excommunication. Luther burned the papal decree and was summoned once more for trial, this time at Worms, where he was the subject of one of the most stately trials ever held. On the one side were the electors, on the other the ecclesiastics, cardinals and bishops galore. The whole country was aroused, the highway for a hundred miles leading to Worms thronged by pilgrims on the way to see the fun. Friends plead with Luther not to go into such danger, but he answered: "Though there be as many devils in Worms as tiles in the roofs, I will enter." He had traveled far, under strenuous conditions, was tired, and when ushered into this great conclave, presided over by the Emperor, he seems to have been abashed and responded to questions haltingly. He asked for time for consultation and again the fairmindedness of the court granted it. The next day he was himself again; in a strong and clear voice he confessed his work. Dropping his manuscript, abandoning his Latin, in good round German speech he declared: "I cannot do otherwise. Here I stand. God help me"—a declaration that for four hundred years has rung throughout the civilized world and is confessedly one of the greatest exclamations in history. Froude says this was the most dramatic moment in history, and Carlyle, in his great study of Luther, says:

> It is the greatest moment in the Modern History of men. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, Americas, and vast work these two centuries; French Revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present,—the germ of it all lay there; had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise.

Luther was allowed to leave the city, and his friends, anxious for his safety, put him in confinement in the castle of Wartburg, where he remained nine months, probably the most valuable and productive period in his life. There he gave the German people a Bible in their own vernacular, always the crowning triumph of Christianity. What had been a barbaric tongue became a medium of literary thought, a foundation for the work of Lessing, Schiller and Goethe.

The remainder of the story is most interesting. There was lightning all round the horizon, murky clouds full of electricity which played round Luther, whose remaining years were spent in incessant labors for his beloved followers who flocked to him in increasing numbers.

His intimate friend and colleague, Melanchthon, a gentle, sensitive scholar, aided greatly in his work, softening, in his patient way, the harsh severity of the bolder Luther. Read Melanchthon's address at the grave of Luther, a masterpiece of oratory, in which he forbore personal allusion and plunged into a mighty defense and justification of Protestantism. Luther preached against the celibacy of the clergy and himself married at forty-two a young nun, Catherine von Bora, with whom he lived an ideally happy life. Their six children were tenderly loved and cared for, Luther himself instructing them in music and writing charming songs for their use. His "Table Talk" and letters to his children all bear witness to the beautiful attachment of the members of this family circle.

Luther's hymns are among his greatest contributions to the world. At last the Reformation began to take shape, but the great problems to be solved wore on Luther. On the eve of returning home from Eisleben, where he had attempted to straighten out a family quarrel, he was taken ill and died, probably of pneumonia, an old man at sixty-four.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Do we owe the Reformation to Germany?
(2) Who were the Artists of the Reformation?
(3) Name four or more great scholars of the time who were vitally interested in religious life.
(4) Name three famous hymns Luther wrote.
(5) What was Luther's contribution to literature?
(6) What was the cause of his first revulsion of feeling against the Romish church?

THE WAY OF A BOY

This is the way a boy comes home,
And the way it shall ever be:
A scamper of feet through the leaf and loam
And the chase of a vagrant bee;
A coat cast off and quite forgot,
A whistle and ringing cheer,
And a romp near every well-known spot
On the way from There to Here.

This is the way a boy makes haste,
And the way it has ever been:
A squirrel seen is a squirrel chased,
And a top is made to spin;
A tree's to climb and a brook's to wade,
And the shade is a place to lie
After the zest of the game that's played
When the sun is hot and high.

This is the path a boy calls straight:
By every winding way
Where berries are or wild birds wait
Or squirrels dart at play;
By banks that bid you sit and cool
Two dusty feet and brown
In the pebbly shallows of the pool
That's on the way from town.

This is the errand swiftly done,
As doing shall ever be:
An ounce of care to the pound of fun,
And an hour that grows to three;
A fence to climb and a rail to stride,
With berries to hunt and share,
And a breathless quarter hour beside
A timid woodchuck's lair.

And this is the thing that a boy calls Care
And the thing it shall ever be:
An old straw hat that's lost somewhere
In the shade of some far-off tree;
A shirt that's damp or trousers rent,
A bruise or a hornet's sting,
And lagging footsteps choreward bent
In the soft twilights of spring.

So these are the ways that all boys know,
And so may they ever be;
Fancies as fickle as winds that blow,
And dreams as wide as the sea;
Heaven above where the blue sky smiles,
With no day overlong,
And a whistle of merry tunes that whiles
A whole world into song.

Youth's Companion. —*James W. Foley.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION.

40 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston Mass.

Boston, December 27.

Edward Cummings, general secretary of World Peace Foundation, issues today a statement respecting President Wilson's note of December 18 to the belligerent powers, in which he asserts that the significance of the President's move lies in the official offer by the United States to take a part in a League to Enforce Peace after the war. The statemen reads:

"There is good reason to believe that the historical significance of President Wilson's note to the belligerent powers on December 18 will be found not so much in the questions it asks as in the questions it indirectly and directly answers. Critics in this country and in Europe may be right: the questions asked may be inopportune; the Secretary of State's 'verge of war' commentary on them may be worse than inopportune. But momentary chagrin and irritation over such details must not blind the people of the United States and of Europe to the momentous fact that this note marks the completion of a rapid and almost revolutionary change in the policy of the United States toward European nations.

"When the Great War began, in 1914, the traditional policy of the United States was summed up in Washington's much-abused maxim about avoiding 'entangling alliances.' In this note the United States stands before the world as the champion of a league of nations 'ready and even eager to co-operate in the accomplishment of these ends, when the war is over, with every influence and resource at their command.'

"Instead of avoiding 'entangling alliances' and following the traditional policy of isolation, we are now taking a leading part in promoting 'the formation of a league of nations to insure peace and justice throughout the world.' Here is a complete answer to the great question which has been so frequently and earnestly asked of late, at home and abroad, as to the future policy of the United States in international affairs. This revolution in public opinion and national policy seems likely to be our greatest legacy from the world war and our greatest contribution to world welfare.

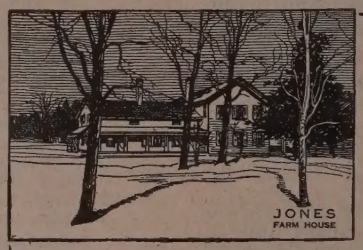
"It is worth while noting how rapidly the change has come about. The agitation in favor of a league of nations, with adequate powers to guarantee the peace of the world by penalizing wars undertaken without resort to arbitration and conciliation, was initiated, in this country, by a small group of influential citizens, who eventually organized as a League to Enforce Peace, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, June 17, 1915. Fortunately, the idea rapidly met with favor among people who found it difficult to agree on almost any other subject. It enlisted the enthusiastic support of advocates of peace and advocates of preparedness. It found favor among the leaders of public opinion in church and state, capital and labor.

"The second stage of the movement came with the semi-official indorsement which it received when President Wilson made his notable address at the dinner which ended the first annual assemblage of the League to Enforce Peace, at Washington, May 27, 1916. Mr. Wilson then frankly turned his back upon the old order and the old theories, and stated the case as it is:

"'We are participants, whether we would or not, in the life of the world. The interests of all nations are our own also. We are partners with the rest. What affects mankind is inevitably our affair as well as the affair of the nations of Europe and Asia. . . . I came only to avow a creed and give expression to the confidence I feel that the world is even now upon the eve of a great consummation, when some common force will be brought into existence which shall safeguard right as the first and most fundamental interest of all peoples and all governments, when coercion shall be summoned not to the service of political ambition or selfish hostility, but to the service of a common order, a common justice, and a common peace.'

"These were notable and epoch-making utterances by the head of the most powerful neutral nation in the world. Almost immediately they awoke echoes in the belligerent countries. The movement for a League to Enforce Peace soon became an international movement. So that today the President can truly say to the belligerent nations:

"'Each wishes itself to be made secure in the future, along with all other nations and peoples, against the recurrence of wars like this and against aggression of selfish interference of any kind. Each would be jealous of the formation of any more rival leagues to preserve an uncertain balance of power amidst mul-



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tiplying suspicions; but each is ready to consider the formation of a league of nations to insure peace and justice throughout the world.'

"The next phase of the movement came in the form of a challenge from European statesmen. In England, France, Germany and other countries, statesmen of undoubted authority announced that their governments would be ready for such a league after the war. What they wanted to know was whether the United States would really abandon its traditional policy and take its place as a world power among the organizers of such a league. That is the question which representatives of belligerent governments have recently been asking: Is the Government of the United States in earnest about this League to Enforce Peace? Will it play up when the time comes?

"Obviously the European nations had a right to ask these questions. They had a right to know whether this country is in earnest on this all-important question, upon the answer to which the permanent peace of the world must depend.

"This is why the note of December 18 is more significant for the questions it answers than for the questions it asks. 'The President is not proposing peace; he is not even offering mediation'; but the United States, speaking through its Secretary of State, is assuring the warring world that it is now ready to initiate the next great forward step in human progress by taking its full part in 'the formation of a league of nations to insure peace and justice throughout the world.'"

There was a man once—a satirist. In the natural course of time his friends slew him and he died. And the people came and stood about his corpse. "He treated the whole round world as his football," they said indignantly, "and he kicked it." The dead man opened one eye. "But always toward the goal," he said.—*An Old Dutch Parable.*

"Messages for the Times" No. 3

The Challenge to America

AN ADDRESS BY
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Love for the Battle-Torn Peoples

BY

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

In its attractive binding of scarlet and tan, carrying the message of human brotherhood of the Prince of Peace, and containing numerous well-loved poems, in addition to the sympathetic study of each nation's gifts to civilization, this book is peculiarly desirable for Christmas giving.

Among the poets whose work enriches its pages are E. B. and Robert Browning, Helen Gray Cone, T. A. Daly, Oliver Wendell Holmes, T. Rama Krishna, Percy Mackaye, Robert Schauffler, and Sara Teasdale.

A FEW COMMENTS

It is a splendid piece of work and I hope it may reach a large audience.
PROF. ARNOLD B. HALL,
Sec'y Wis. Peace Society.

I thank you very much for sending me Mr. Jones' attractive new work; we have begun reading it at Chicago Commons Vespers, so that all may share the pleasure it is giving me. GRAHAM TAYLOR.

I read the articles as they appeared in UNITY, and rejoice over having them in book form. L. E. STEARNS, Milwaukee,
Library Expert and Lecturer.

Am going to have my pupils in geography use your book for each country as they come to it. A CHICAGO TEACHER.

The writer presents his argument in terms of both seer and scientific observer; the big hopes and glowing diction of poet and prophet are balanced by common sense and rational induction.
—*Chicago Post.*

I take great delight in dipping into the book. What a high intellectual and moral level it attains! I am astounded at the knowledge it reveals and the sympathy it manifests. With its spirit, war would have been impossible. REV. JAMES G. TOWNSEND,
Jamestown, N. Y.

I read some of these noble addresses when they first appeared, and I am particularly glad to have them in book form.
RABBI STEPHEN WISE.

I sat up into the wee small hours, reading with increasing interest, and wondering how the author did it. Sleep demanded its toll before I had finished the last two chapters. I cannot find words to say with what joy I read those last pages on the following morning.
REV. ARTHUR WEATHERLY,
Lincoln, Neb.

I have read your charming little book and am in hearty sympathy with all its utterances, as real Christians must be.
JAMES M. WHITON,
New York City.

Your fine-spirited little book of love has done me good and I am sure will help in the most important of all works just now—the creation of just and kindly feeling. REV. WM. P. MERRILL,
Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City.

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One of the most interesting collections donated to the Allied Bazaar to be held in the Coliseum, January 11 to 20, is composed of articles belonging to the late Helene Modjeski, famous Polish actress. They were given to her daughter-in-law, Madame Felicia Modjeski, who will be in charge of the collection at the Polish booth of the bazaar.

One of the articles is a fan carried by the actress on many notable occasions, one of them being the time she appeared at the Belgian court. The collection includes many other rare articles. The Polish booth promises to be one of the most popular at the bazaar.

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